THE MISSING DEED.

I am a Grant. I know there are other Grants. A clumsy Englishman once told me that Grant was a very common name. There are the Grants of Grant and the Grants of Dalvey; there are Grants in Edinburgh and Grants in London. Alas! the Grants are a disinherited race, for their grandfathers, it seems, always squandered the fortunes which they ought to have left to their sons. At least, I know that it was the case of my own grandfather. Had he not played ducks and drakes with my inheritance I should now have been—but there, I am content to be what I am, Grant of Tullybardane, and never a dearer or lovelier home had Scottish man to dwell in. My wife often laughs at me for being so fond of the place. But then the strangest event of my life is bound up with its possession. And surely I may well remember and be thankful for that event, for without it yonder lady with the silver hair would scarcely now have been sitting near me, and laughing at the follies of an old man as she does.

Five-and-thirty years ago I was living here in the grange at Tullybardane. The place had come to my father by bequest not many years before, and he had scarcely learned to play the laird before he died and left it to me. I was only a boy then, and my mother and I were quite content with our lives in the new home. So there I lived and grew up to manhood, and there in the course of years I fell in love. Accordingly, one winter morning I rode across to Glen Levanmoch, and asked Mr. Fraser to give me his daughter to be my wife. Of course I had found out beforehand that Miss Fraser was not unwilling to be given.

Well, we had a long interview, and the results in brief were these. I had left home tolerably confident, as one is wont to be at four-and-twenty, and I returned about as dejected and indignant as any reasonable man ever was. Mr. Fraser was an old friend. He had been one of my guardians. He was my father's executor. I expected my declaration to be heartily welcomed. Tullybardane is a better property than Glen Levanmoch. What was there to stand in our way? But when I came back I felt like a man who has been stunned by a treacherous blow. All of a sudden, for the first time in my life, I learned that my title to Tullybardane was not beyond dispute! I heard that a certain document had long been missing from the title deeds, and that till that document was found I could never be entirely secure in my own home. But what was far worse, under the circumstances, Mr. Fraser informed me he could not encourage my suit for his daughter's hand.

What followed I don't quite remember. I have a haunting fear that I lost my temper, and that on one side or the other a good deal of strong language was used. I know I swore I would never give Nellie up, not even if I were turned out of Tullybardane neck and crop next day. Of course, it was very foolish, but then the circumstances were exceptional. When I got home I sent for the attorney, and for the next four days I did nothing, I think, except consult lawyers and look over papers and rummage every hole and corner of the grange for the missing deed. But what Mr. Fraser told us proved to be only too true.

In the week that followed I remember three things distinctly, not that they were themselves important, but that they bore upon that strange event which made a turning point in my life. The first is that I rode over to Glen Levanmoch and was told that Mr. and Miss Fraser had left home, to stay with friends in Edinburgh. The second is that my man George, who acted as footman and valet to me, got drunk one night and left the house door wide open—for which I have not ceased to thank Providence ever since. Now, as a rule, I am lenient to these failings. Whisky, I regret to say, has an attraction for men in these northern climates which few can resist. But, whether it was that I was out of sorts, or whether it was that my mother was alarmed, I don't know, but I resolved to make an example, and I turned the man out of the house the next day. The third incident was more important, and shall be told at length.

I am a good sleeper, I don't dream much, I don't believe in dream warnings and such things. I have no faith in ghosts—though I know for a fact that my cousins the Mac Mocks have a banshee in their family—as a fact, I say. But about that time I used to try and dream of a certain lady, and so one night I fell asleep and I did dream. And this is what I dreamed.

I thought I was in Edinburgh, standing in Princes street and let me find any street in England, or anywhere else which can compare with that) and waiting by the Waverly monument. Opposite me was a hotel, which I suppose I was watching, for out of it presently came, as clear and vivid as in life, Nelly Fraser, with a veil over her head; she came slowly toward me and lifted her veil, revealing a face so white and miserable that I scarcely knew it, and then, as I stepped forward, she raised one hand, and, pointing up across the gorge toward the High street hill, vanished into a moving mist. Then the shadows began to shift and shuffle themselves, and presently out came another vision from my dream. I was there still, standing, but all the surroundings had changed. I seemed to be in a sort of shop or office. A counter was before me, and all around me were thin phantom figures, with no features that I could see. Only one among these misty shapes had a visible human face. And that one advanced toward me with a smile which I shall never forget. It was the face of a young man, slightly drooped, as if its owner were shy or deferential, with blue, bright eyes and gentle, handsome features, and fair hair, and lips that seemed to be made for laughter, and a smile that shone like a gleam of sunshine there.

And in a moment the face and forms had vanished. The darkness seemed to grow darker. I heard soft steps walking in the air. I felt as if a cold wind were blowing in my face. Suddenly I saw the chill sea shining afar off under the white stars. A voice that was harsh broke out in harsh laughter beside me, and then—I woke.

Two days after I set out for Edinburgh, with three objects. I wanted to consult an eminent advocate. I wanted to get a new servant. And I wanted, at least, to find out where the Frasers were.

I saw the great advocate, and he confirmed my fears. "Unless the missing deed is found, my dear sir," he said in his blandest accents, "your title is so defective as to be legally worthless should a rival claimant arise."

I did not see the Frasers, but I got their address, and I wrote one letter to the father and four to the daughter.

I engaged a new man servant in this way: Our need of a servant being pressing, I went, for the first and last time in my life, to a registry office. The shop lay in the south of the town, up beyond the High street, and when I entered it there were several outsized looking beings, unfortunate applicants, I suppose, standing round. Behind the counter were a man and woman, and to the former, having a prejudice in favor of doing business with my own sex, begotten, perhaps, of shyness, I applied. He kept me waiting a long time. Then he looked over a prodigious ledger and read me out numerous applications which were perfectly useless. At last, however, he came to one which I thought would do. I told him so, and he thereupon invited me to wait a little longer, as the "young man" in question was likely to call shortly. At first I refused, but on consideration I decided to go out and have my hair cut and then return to see if the young man were there.

When I came back some twenty minutes later the small office was full of people. As I entered something in the look of the place and the attitude of the figures struck me as familar. But I dismissed the idea at once. The shopman came to meet me.

"The young man is here, sir," he said, and he turned with a wave of his hand to a figure behind him. The figure advanced. It was the figure of a good-looking boy rather than of a man, slight and fair, and with the head a little drooping. As the boy raised his face to look at me I started back. Feature for feature, as clear as it could be, it was the face I had seen in my dream!

I don't know what followed; I don't know whether my conduct appeared very strange. I don't know what the boy said to me, or what I said to him. I have only a vague idea that I generally assented to everything. And I know that when I went home to Tullybardane Sydney Loch went with me as my man.

Tullybardane is a desolate place. It lies in a narrow gorge which runs down straight to the shore. The hills slope up on either hand, and end in tumbled rocks or caverns where the sea foam breaks and the sea waves sing. The old grange is a rambling house. From its windows you can look over the beach, and only the falling gardens separate you from it. On the right hand is the library, which faces down a long avenue of firs to the sea, and beyond the library stretches the deserted part of the house, which for five and thirty years I have been meaning to repair. The library was rather a gloomy room, communicating only by a long passage with the other inhabited parts of the house. Indeed, the whole house was rather lonely. For myself I never minded that, but I fancy it struck my new servant as a bit solitary and weird.

Now, I must tell you about the doings of this young fellow. A day or two after my return, both my mother and I began to notice something strange about him. It was not that I did not like him, for I took a strong fancy to him at once, and here, five and thirty years after, he lives to this day, less, I think, of a servant to us than a faithful and trusted friend. But certainly his behavior was odd, and the first thing we observed was this.

One afternoon I was sitting with my mother in the drawing room. My mother had ordered tea. Personally, I am afraid of these unwholesome drinks, and never have taken to that surreptitious fashion of working in an extra meal in the afternoon. But I was sitting with her and talking very disconsolately, for I felt thoroughly depressed. Presently, Sydney came in with the cups of tea on a tray—a detestable plan of taking tea if you must take it, but one to which my dear mother was partial. He handed the tray to my mother, and he handed it to me. Then, to our surprise, he walked straight across the room to a big armchair that stood near the window, and handed the tray to the empty chair! But the armchair, or its invisible occupant, refused it, apparently, and the man withdrew.

I am endowed with a large fund of Scottish humor, and I burst out laughing. My mother was equally perplexed.

"He must have thought there was some one sitting there," she said. "He must be very shortsighted, poor boy. It's very strange."

"He must be as blind as a bat," I answered, "or else has been playing a practical joke on us. I never saw anything so absurd in my life."

But in the next few days I was destined to see stranger things. I asked Sydney if he were shortsighted, but he denied the charge with warmth. And yet the more I watched him the more obvious was it that he was always meeting invisible people. Once, as I chanced to see him coming down stairs, I distinctly saw him draw back, pressing himself against the wall, as if to allow an invisible person to pass. Another time I saw him walk to the front door, open it, and hold it, as if for an invisible visitor to pass out. After that I could stand it no longer. I am the worst possible hand at fault finding with servants, but I was determined to have an explanation of this. So that afternoon I spoke to Sydney.

"Sydney," I said, bluntly, "are you given to seeing ghosts?"

"I, sir!" he answered, with a smile of astonishment. "No, sir, I never saw a ghost in my life."

"Then, what do you mean," I broke out, "by behaving in the way you have been doing?"

The boy started. Evidently he thought me off my head. I determined to speak more gently.

"Then," I said, "who was that person you showed out of the house this morning?" I knew I had him there, for I was sure nobody had called.

"O, you mean the old gentleman in gray, sir! He left no name. I thought, sir, he seemed to be at home in the house; I had seen him here so often, sir."

Now it was my turn to stare. I was dumbfounded. I literally stammered for want of words. Then I showed what I have always thought was remarkable presence of mind. I turned around and walked into the dining room, telling the boy to follow. There I poured out a glass of whisky and gave it to him.

"Drink that," I said, "and you had better sit down."

Obviously he thought me as eccentric as I thought him. But he merely said, "Thank you, sir," and drank the whisky.

"Do you feel quite well?" I asked frigidly.

"Quite well, thank you, sir."

"Are you subject to delusions or hallucinations?"

"No, sir; never, sir," he answered promptly, with a lurking smile which he vainly tried to conceal.

That smile annoyed me. I broke out again:

"Then, what on earth do you mean," I cried, "by telling me this nonsense about a gentleman in gray?"

Sydney rose. There was some dignity in his manner. He spoke respectfully, but in an injured tone:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I only told you about the gentleman who called, and I thought, sir, you might have seen him, for he passed by you, and I fancied he nodded to you as he passed."

Really, things had come to a pretty pass! Here was my own servant accusing me of seeing invisible phantoms which only existed in his own disordered brain!

But there, I will not repeat all the conversation that followed. I must say Sydney kept his temper wonderfully, for I lost mine. However, we had a long explanation, which ended in this way. The boy asserted positively that he had three or four times seen an elderly gentleman in gray walking about the house. He had seen him sitting in the drawing room with my mother. He had seen him in the passages up stairs and in the grounds outside. He had, he admitted, wondered who he could be, and had fancied that he must be some very intimate friend, or some one connected with the establishment. He had never heard him speak, certainly. He had not as yet questioned any of the other servants about him. But then he had himself only been a few days in the house, and as yet did not know all the people about the place. When I told him that no one else in the house had ever heard of such a person Sydney was completely staggered. In fact, the only result of our conversation was to leave on the minds of each of us grave doubts as to the other's sanity, if not as to his own. But before we parted I made the boy promise me solemnly that the very next time he saw this mysterious figure he would summon me at once.

Next day nothing happened, and I meditated dismissing Sydney. The day after, an event occurred which changed the current of my thoughts, which, thank God, altered my whole life since, and which has made Sydney Loch the most faithful friend I have.

It was late in the afternoon—a winter dusk. I was upstairs in my bedroom, writing a letter to Nelly, vowing that I would never give her up, and yet seeing no prospect of ever being able to claim her for my wife. It was that hour when the day begins to pass into the night, and shadows have grown gigantic, and men's thoughts are turning toward dinner. Suddenly I was roused by a quick step and a knock at my door. I called out "Come in," and Sydney appeared on the threshold. He looked very pale and excited, as far as I could see him by the dim light of my candles, and he spoke in a strange voice.

"He is here, sir, the old gentleman in gray—in the passage."

I jumped up, and was following him in a moment. It must have been well past 6 o'clock, and yet the lights in the corridor were still unlighted. I looked all round, but could see no one.

"Where?" I said in a whisper; for I think the gloom and the boy's strange looks had frightened my common sense out of me.

Sydney took me by the arm and pointed. I felt he was trembling all over. And for my own part, an uncomfortable chill seemed to be creeping through my limbs.

"There, sir, there—don't you see him!—at the top of the stairs. He's beckoning us to follow—come."

I strained my eyes in the direction where he pointed, but could discern nothing. However, I caught hold of Sydney's arm and followed him silently, like a sheep. Why I did so I cannot at this moment conceive.

The boy led the way down stairs, apparently keeping his eyes fixed on something he could see in front. I held him blindly. We went down and across the hall, and then out of the front door into the cold air. It was quite dark outside, though one or two blurred stars were flickering palely, and the moon, I thought, was struggling behind a cloud. Round the house we went, faster and faster, into the gardens at the back, and down the slopes toward the sea. Sydney seemed to be dragging me along. Once I caught a glimpse of his face, and I saw it was deadly white, though his eyes were straining wildly after the phantom he was following. Still he went on and on. We were nearing the beach now, and I could hear the surf beating against the rocks and dimly see the white crests of the waves hanging in the foggy night. Now we were on the beach. I felt the seaweed under my feet and stumbled. Still the boy dragged me along. Now we must be on the brink of the water, I thought, and shivered. Then I put out my other hand and clutched at Sydney's arm.

"In God's name, where are you going?" I said, in a terrified whisper.

The boy did not answer. He stopped dead. The darkness was thick about us. We were standing in a mist, and even the blurred stars had faded out. Suddenly I felt a wave break over my feet. And at that moment, hissing out and echoing across the darkness, there grated in my ears the sound of a harsh and hollow laugh—the very laugh I had heard in my dream!

The gloom was so dense that I could only see the outline of Sydney's body, though I was grasping him with my two hands. There was a perfect silence. Still I stood there motionless, rooted to the rocks. Then I felt the boy start off again, toward the house. Another wave washed up against my feet as I turned with him and began to ascend to the gardens again. The fog was growing thinner. Presently it parted, and a strong wind seemed to have risen suddenly out of the sea. Now I could distinctly see Sydney's eyes still fixed on the invisible thing before him. I could see, too, that we were mounting the pale avenue of fir trees, and from the distant windows of the library a dim light was casting shadows down upon our faces. But we did not make for those windows. My guide turned off to the left, and we entered the deserted part of the house. I felt utterly spellbound. I seemed to have lost all power of volition. I believe I should blindly have followed that boy to my death.

We had plunged into a labyrinth of shadowy rooms, leaving the outer air. How we got into that part of the house I cannot tell. I had not been there for years. Sydney could never have been in it, and he led me on rapidly, and never faltered or hesitated once. I think that the moon must have come out, for there was a faint light shining through the windows as we passed, and by that light he guided me. We crossed several empty rooms and passages, and at last came out into a long corridor. That, too, we traversed. At the further end a door opened before us. I stepped through it into my own library, and stood there in the lamplight, gazing stupidly into Sydney's face.

He, too, had paused. But he never spoke a word, nor looked at me. His eyes were fixed on a tall bookcase in a corner of the room. Presently he began to move slowly toward it, and I, still holding him, followed. Then, as we approached it, to my utter amazement, the whole bookcase swung back upon its hinges, revealing a small closet, which I had never seen before, with some dusty rolls of paper lying on a shelf within it. With a weird cry Sydney sprung forward, wrenching himself from my grasp. He seized the papers, and, turning, thrust them into my hand. Then, with his face as white as snow and eyes distended, he raised one arm and pointed to the window. In another moment he had tottered back and fallen on the floor.

But I was already at the window. In my frenzy I dashed my shoulder against it. The fastening gave way. The glass came crashing down about me. I was outside, standing in the chill, blue night. Round me the wind was whining and blustering. The fog had melted away. Overhead the stars were burning golden. The banished clouds had gone. But no sign of any human figure, man or ghost, was there. Only the desolate avenue, with its fir trees, bending over it, and at the far end, in the dimness, the high moon over the whitened sea!

* * * * * *

When I went back into the library I found Sydney in a dead faint on the floor. I rushed to the bell and rang it till its tones went pealing and clashing through the house. Then I raised the boy in my arms and carried him easily into the lighted hall. The blood from the cuts of the broken glass was running freely down my face and hands. But I did not mind it, for I felt as if life had suddenly come back to me. And when my mother and the servants came out and gathered, startled and lamenting, round us, I fell on my knees beside the boy and wept as I never wept, I think, before that day or since.

I have no more to tell. The closet in the library opened, I found, by a secret spring, but what hand opened it that terrible night I never knew. Among the papers which Sydney had thrust into my hand was the long lost document which confirmed my title to the estate. Sydney was for long very ill, but at last, with careful nursing—I know my mother and I did all we could for him, and somebody else, who shall be nameless, did more than we—he recovered, and has ever since remained with me. Neither of us ever spoke much of the things we had seen that winter day. The mystery of my inheritance is a mystery still, and men will bury it with us in our graves. Only this I know and will tell you, that from that hour to this Sydney has never seen a ghost again.

So I am Grant of Tullybardane, and the heiress of Glen Levanmoch is my wife.—C. E. Mallet in Belgravia.

COFFEE IN THE CONFEDERACY.

The Various Substitutes Tried in Turn. Cotton Seed as a Beverage.

Coffee had been almost the sole table beverage of the south, and no privation caused more actual discomfort among the people at large than the want of it. There was nothing for which they strove so eagerly and unceasingly to procure a substitute. Few, indeed, were the substances which did not, first and last, find their way into the coffee pot. Wheat, rye, corn, sweet potatoes, peanuts, dandelion seed, okra seed, persimmon seed, melon seed are but a few of the substitutes which had their turn and their day. "A fig for the difference between Rio and ry-e," said the wits. "Eureka!" cried an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. "Another of the shackles which holds the south to the commercial thrall of the world is severed. Let South America keep its Rio and the antipodes its Java. It is discovered to be true beyond peradventure that as a beverage the seed of the sea island cotton cannot be distinguished from the best Java, unless by its superiority; while the seed of the ordinary variety is found to be not a whit behind the best Rio." What a flutter of excitement and joy it raised in many a household—and doubtless the scene in ours was typical—to find that the great national plant, the very symbol of the Confederacy, was indeed so many sided! It gave us greater confidence, if it were possible to have greater, in the power and possibilities of the south, now that cotton, the great king, had had another crown laid on his brow.

So opportune was the discovery, too, that it struck us as almost a divine revelation, indicating the interposition of Providence in our favor. So eager were we to test it—or rather to confirm it, for it was too good not to be true—that we could not await meal time. Residing in North Carolina and up the country, we had never seen any sea island cotton, but the prospect of being confined to Rio was by no means appalling. A pickaninny was forthwith hurried off to the cotton patch, then sparsely flecked with newly-opened bolls. The apronful of precious stuff, now a veritable manna, was hardly indoors before a dozen hand of all sizes and colors were tearing, picking at the discredited fiber, in quest of the more priceless seed. The Rio was made and drunk. Despite the sorghum sweetening, the verdict was unanimous in its favor. I hope that the communication of this stupendous discovery to our neighbors added as immensely to our happiness as to our self-importance. But if in the last respect we sinned, retribution could not have been laggard; for although, owing to the fact that happily the recollection of disappointments and humiliations is less abiding than the opposite feelings, I am unable to tell exactly why and when we returned to parched bran, it is nevertheless true that we did.

Recipes for making "coffee without coffee"—when the real article was alluded to, strong emphasis on the word left no doubt as to which kind was meant—were extensively advertised in the newspapers, and in some instances sold by canvassing agents. But rye, okra seed and meal or bran held in the long run the popular favor. Those who could afford an infinitesimal quantity of the real article, comtost out by the grain to flavor the substitute, were the envy of the neighborhood. A cup of pure, genuine coffee would in the eyes of many have been an extravagance akin to Cleopatra's famous draught itself. The contents of a small gourd, which held our entire stock of the genuine article for many months before the close of the war, must have gone towards the making of an incredible lake of coffee.—David Dodge in Atlantic Monthly.

Abraham Lincoln in War Times.

I yielded to the temptation and found the president most kind and courteous. A glance was sufficient to dissipate the impression of Lincoln's unseemly levity amid scenes of horror which had been produced in England by the repetition of his jokes and apothegms. Care and anxiety never sat more visibly on any mortal brow. His love of mournful poetry was a proof that the natural temperament of the man was melancholy, and his face showed that he felt the full responsibility of his terrible position. I know not whether there was any particle of truth in the story that after Chancellorsville he meditated suicide, but I can well believe that Chancellorsville went to his heart.

The little stories, one or two of which he told in the interview I had with him, were simply his habitual mode of expression, and perhaps at the same time a relief for his surcharged mind—a pinch, as it were, of mental snuff. It is needless to describe Lincoln's figure, or the homeliness of language which, when the theme was inspiring, became, as in the Gettysburg address, the purest eloquence. Democracy may certainly point with triumph to this Illinois "rail splitter" as a proof that high culture is not always necessary to the making of a statesman. Indeed, Lincoln's example is rather dangerous in that respect. The roots of his statesmanship were his probity and right feeling, which are not the invariable characteristics of the western politician.—Goldwin Smith in Macmillan's.

Overdoing the Cheap Book Business.

Every foreign novel, no matter whether there was a reasonable chance or not that it would have any sale, has been grabbed at the earliest possible moment by three to six of the "Library" publishing firms and hastily thrown upon the overstocked market on terms that allowed the retailers to return unsold copies. So complete have the mechanical resources of the pirates become that in three establishments the entire work, including typesetting, printing and binding is done by machinery. The stolen matter can be rushed through the great mills in ten hours when driven at the quickest. The celerity of the process has tempted the publishers to a vast overproduction. A member of one firm declares that not more than one book in twenty in the cheap libraries repays the cost of issue, and that, even with the most popular novelists' stories, duplicate piracy divides the profit into small portions.—New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Londoner's Opinion of Beecher.

"Mr. Beecher astonishes me even more in private than in public. The superabundance of his conversation, the multitudinousness of his allusions, his interest in all public questions and concerns, his never-ceasing humor, his anecdotes, which are even surpassed by his own illustrations, all these conspire to constitute a companion such as we can but hope to enjoy very rarely in this world.—Dr Parker.

Legal

L. W. BREWER,
Attorney at Law.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, La Salle County—ss. *County Court, September Term, A. D. 1886.*

In the matter of the assignment of William and Osman J. Wilson, Insolvents: Charles M. Smith, assignee. Affidavit of the non-residence of W. W. DeWolf, R. T. Hunt, William H. Imel, Sada Sumpter and the firm of Nash & Brother, claimants in the above entitled estate, whose claims have been objected to, having been filed in the clerk's office of the County Court of said county, notice is therefore hereby given to you, the said W. W. DeWolf, R. T. Hunt, William H. Imel, Sada Sumpter and the firm of Nash & Brother, the said non-resident claimants, that your said claims, and each of them, have been excepted and objected to by creditors of the said estate of William Wilson and Osman J. Wilson, insolvents as aforesaid.

Now, unless you, the said non-resident claimants, and each of you, shall personally be and appear before said County Court on the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the County Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, on Monday, the sixth day of September, A. D. 1886, and prove your said claims, and each of them, as required by law, the said claims, and each of them, will be disallowed and dismissed and for naught held. P. FINLEN, Clerk.

Ottawa, Illinois, July 19, A. D. 1886.

L. W. Brewer, Attorney for Assignee. july25-4w

NOTICE.—Estate of James M. McVeigh, Dec'd.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James M. McVeigh, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third Monday (being the 20th day) of September, 1886, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 24th day of July, A. D. 1886.

WILLIAM McELROY, Jr.,
Administrator.

july31-3w

DUNCAN & O'CONOR.
Attorneys at Law.

NOTICE.—Estate of Martin McLaughlin, Dec'd.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of Martin McLaughlin, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third Monday (being the 20th day) of September 1886, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 19th day of July, A. D. 1886.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN,
THOMAS McLAUGHLIN,
Executors.

July24-3w

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.
TIME TABLE.
June 20th, 1886.

Going South. Pass. No. 71 B.	Going South. Pass. No. 79 B.	Dist. from Aurora.	STATIONS.	Dist. from Fulton.	Going North. Pass. No. 70 B.	Going North. Pass. No. 72 B.
P.M. LV	A.M. LV		Chicago		A.M. AR	P.M. LV
4.45	8.45		Aurora		10.50	6.00
6.14	10.23		Aurora		9.15	5.30
6.18	10.28	1	West Aurora	1	9.07	5.15
		3¾	Fox Riv Junc	2¾		
6.30	10.39	6¾	Oswego	3	8.54	5.05
6.40	10.53	12¾	Yorkville	6¾	8.42	4.52
6.46	11.00	15¾	Fox	3	8.34	4.44
6.54	11.06	19	Millbrook	3¼	8.26	4.36
7.03	11.13	22¾	Millington	3¾	8.18	4.30
7.14	11.23	27½	Sheridan	5	8.08	4.19
7.22	11.33	32	Serena	4½	7.58	4.08
		34	Blakes	2		
7.30	11.42	38½	Westron	4½	7.50	4.00
7.37	11.50	39½	Dayton	1	7.42	3.50
		44¾	C.R.I.&P.Cr'g	5¼		
7.50	12.02	44	OTTAWA	¾	7.28	3.35
		44¾	South Ottawa	¾		
		46½	Side Track	1¾		
8.10	12.24	52¾	Grand Ridge	6¾	7.08	3.15
		56	Richards	3¼		
8.30	12.45	60¾	Streator	4¾	6.50	3.00
P.M. AR	P.M. AR				A.M. LV	P.M. LV

Freight trains carrying passengers leave Ottawa as follows: For Earl, 4.20 P.M.; for Aurora, 10.05 A.M., 2.; Streator, 5.05 A.M., 5.05 P.M., and 10.05 A.M.

Morning train makes close connection at Aurora for all points east and west.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, C. B. & Q. Drawing Room Cars, Horton's Reclining Chair Cars, and the C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars, by this route. All information about rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations and time tables will be cheerfully given by applying to

PERCIVAL LOWELL,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

H. R. STONE,
General Manager Chicago.

GEO. E. ROE,
Agent at Ottawa.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.
NEW TIME TABLE.

Going East.

No. 2, Pacific Express and Mail	10.58 A M
" 4, Night Express	3.05 A M
" 6, Kansas City Express	2.05 A M
" 8, Chicago and Davenport Accom	2.10 P M
" 10, Bureau Fast Accommodation	7.05 A M
" 12, St. Paul Express	11.30 A M
Freight & Carrying Passengers.	
" 26,	1.15 P M
" 30,	5.05 P M
" 28,	7.05 A M

Going West.

No. 1, Atlantic Express	8.08 P M
" 3, Night Express	1.35 A M
" 5, Chicago and Kansas City Express	2.05 A M
" 7, Davenport Accommodation	12.40 P M
" 9, Bureau Fast Accommodation	8.00 P M
" 11, St. Paul Express, via Albert Lea	3.35 P M
Freight Carrying Passengers.	
" 29,	10.25 A M
" 25,	2.30 P M

Nos. 9 and 10 arrive in Chicago at 10 A. M. and leave Chicago at 4.45 P. M. daily (Sunday excepted).

Nos. 11 and 12 run daily, including Sundays.

No. 26 carries passengers from Geneseo to Ottawa.

No. 29 carries passengers between Joliet and La Salle, and No. 30 between La Salle and Joliet.

Nos. 28 and 28 carry passengers between Rine Island and La Salle.

E. St. John, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt.

R. R. Cable, Gen'l Manager.

R. F. Prentyman, Agent at Ottawa.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad

On and after May 9, 1886, trains on the C. & A. R. R. pass Joliet as follows:

Going North.

K. C. and St. L. Express	5.15 A M
Lightning Express	5.50 A M
Joliet Accommodation	7.45 A M
Denver Express	12.30 P M
Express Mail	5.30 P M

Going South.

Express Mail	10.15 A M
Denver Express	2.00 P M
Joliet Accommodation	6.35 P M
Lightning Express	10.35 P M
K. C. and St. L. Express	12.41 A M

Lightning Express, Denver Express, and Kansas City and St. Louis Express trains run daily; Express Mail and Joliet Accommodation run daily, except Sunday. Kansas City and St. Louis Express going south runs through without change of cars. Morning train to St. Louis has free chair cars, and evening train through sleepers to St. Louis and Springfield.

JAY W. ADAMS,
Ticket Agent C. & A. Railroad.

Illinois Central Railroad.

Going South, from La Salle.

Passenger	4.27 A. M.
Passenger	11.12 A. M.
Accommodation	9.58 P. M.
Freight	12.25 A. M.
Freight	3.07 A. M.
Freight	4.00 P. M.

Going South, from La Salle.

Passenger	5.41 A. M.
Passenger	1.06 P. M.
Freight	12.30 A. M.
Freight	9.40 A. M.
Freight (goes no further)	10.45 P. M.

S. P. Moore, Ticket Agent.

W. L. Lighthart, Freight Agent.